CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 9. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1927 FIVE CENTS. $2 THE YEAR

"A Night in Carmel," Del Monte Feature

The World in the Week's News

Wednesday, August 24

ONE thousand men fighting near Bakersfield to control flames eating into timber on 15,000 acres.

Americans mobbed when anarchists attack Unitel States consulate at Geneva. Commune days recalled in Paris when Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers riot.

Secretary of the Interior Hoover takes bright view of nation's trade outlook, saying reports lead to belief that prospects for next five or six months are "very fair".

Arizona and California in deadlock over Colorado River parley.

Thursday, August 25

The Mackay Companies take over the equipment of the Federal Radio company in plan to link radio service lines to telegraph system and so span the Pacific.

Mexican bandits attack train south of Anaponeta, Nayarit, Mexico. Number of dead placed at fifteen. Miss Florence M. Anderson, American school teacher of Los Angeles, badly wounded.

Pacific fleet of 50 ships, headed by flagship California, with Admiral R. H. Jackson in command, anchors in San Francisco bay.

Friday, August 26

Colonel Charles Lindbergh given enthusiastic greeting in Little Falls, Minn., his old home town.

New York State Republicans have started a move to ask Secretary Hoover to run for President on the G. O. P. ticket next year.

Colonel Ted Conway, eighteen-year-old cadet of San Francisco, appointed to West Point by President Coolidge.

Paul Redfern took off from Glynn Island, Georgia, for his non-stop flight to Brazil. Other venturesome aviators in United States and Canada ready for ocean flights.

Saturday, August 27

Thirteen deaths, 3 in Newfoundland, and ten in Nova Scotia, toll of gale which swept the north Atlantic coast, inflicting tremendous losses on maritime and agricul-

(Turn to Page Twelve)

CARMEL HOSPITAL HAS OFFICIAL OPENING SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Last Saturday afternon the Carmel Hospital was officially opened when Miss Edith Shuffleton served tea to more than 250 friends and guests. Many people were present from San Francisco, among them Dr. Philip King Brown. All were delighted with the situation of the hospital, the appointments and the building generally.

"Eliot and Marion" Closing It's Doors

ELIOT AND MARIAN, the smart dress shop, owned by "the Boke girls", started four years ago in Carmel, and which has been most successful in giving the town that "well dressed look", will close its doors this month. When "Eliot" became Mrs. Joseph Schaffner the partnership was dissolved, and "Marian", Mrs. Todd, feels that the shop would be too heavy a responsibility and also too much work for her to carry on alone. And she also wants to become better acquainted with John Burns Todd.

Aside from the fact that many in town will miss their dresses purchased from the popular owners, the back room of the shop was a wonderful meeting place, where bridge games, polo games, current plays and town burglaries were discussed impartially, and many of the brightest bits of news printed in The Cymbal were gathered. To many of us its passing is more of a tragedy than the pulling down of the sign board, or the advent of the ubiquitous tourist.

Eliot and Marian . . ave atque vale!

JORDAN-BERGSTROM WEDDING ST. JOHN CHAPEL EVENT

A pretty wedding ceremony was performed at St. John Chapel, Del Monte, yesterday afternon when Miss Alice Bergstrom of Los Angeles became the bride of Raymond W. Jordan of Green Bay, Wisconsin, brother of Miss Bernardine Jordan who has been living in the Collis cottage on Camino Real for the past month..

Attending the bride were her uncle, John Kimberley; her aunt, Mrs. E. W. Shirk. Margaret Macauley was maid of honor and J. McCarthy Rounds the best man.

The couple left immediately after the ceremony for an extended trip through the south and west.

Beauties and Wits Promise Scintillation

THE interesting series of International Nights, given by the Hotel Del Monte this summer, will come to a close tomorrow night with the best of the series—"A Night in Carmel". All of the stars in this miniature Carmel Follies are from Carmel and Pebble Beach. The smart chorus—Marian Ford, Marian Todd, Ruth Austin, Jane Foster, Hildreth Masten, Anita Reiners, Katharine Cooke and Constance Heron—will appear in five numbers, and various other skits, with Steve Glassell, By Ford, Ernest Schweninger, Frank Sheridan and Harrison Godwin.

Dorothy Woodward, gifted pianist and composer, has written the music for "Mimi of Old Montmartre" and "Girls, Girls, Girls", and a tango chorus. Bob Smith wrote the words and music for the final chorus. Incidentally, this is the first time that any of these songs has been presented. The music for the show has been arranged for orchestration by Herbert Lorden of Monterey. Louise Walcott will appear in one of the comedy skits, and the Carmel Follies will lose nothing in comparison with any night club performance in any large city.

Byington Ford is directing the production, and as his talents are many and varied, the curtain will rise at 10 o'clock for an interested and appreciative audience.

Sunset School Has Enrollment of 176

SUNSET SCHOOL in Carmel opened for the fall term on Monday with an enrollment of 176 pupils. Last year there were about 150 students at the school. The new kindergarten, that is at the present being conducted in the school auditorium, has ten pupils. There are about 27 new pupils in the different grades this year, among whom are Donald Selby, Douglas Bishop, Jeradine Spratt, Margaret Spratt, Patricia Kiester, Ivor Williams, Louise Williams, Stuart Marble, Willard Harris, Florence Brown, Duane Lowry, Vance Lowry, Clayton Askew, David Gale, George Dorwart, Vernon Mc Entee, Ethel Davis, Carol Williams, George Mecham, Frank Mecham, Margaret Ruth Barrenger, Burton Fred Barrenger, Bobbie Guthrie, Patty Guthrie.

Verses *by* Helen Wilson

(The following verses were written by Helen Wilson, 13 years old, daughter of Harry Leon Wilson, famous author, and Mrs. Helen Wilson. Helen is now in Carmel with her mother.)

* * *

Shadows

AS I lie on the gold and sandy beach
I count the little shadows each
As they pass by.
But when the big round sun goes down
All the shadows start for home
And so do I.

* * *

The Song Sparrow

A SPARROW sits in the apple tree;
He sits there all day long,
And over the fields and meadows
He sends his joyous song.

The buttercups bloom in the meadow
And the Johnny-jump-ups too,
But if you stop and listen
The sparrow will sing to you.

He sings of the sweetness of love;
He sings of childhood bright;
He sings the children to sleep,
And one last goodnight.

And then away to his nest,
To his mate and the children three,
And he sings a lullaby to them
Up in the apple tree.

* * *

Clouds

I LOOKED up at the clouds and there
A snow-white castle passing fair,
With turrets that reached beyond the eye
Was slowly sailing, sailing by.

In the highest tower that I could see
Was a little room with windows three,
And there on a couch a maiden lay,
Combing her golden hair all day.

She had no cares; her mind was free,
And I thought for a moment she looked
at me,
But a breeze came up that summer's day,
And blew my castle far away.

The Heavy Sleepers

ALL day long and every day
I'm always feeling rotten
And yet at night it does no good
To stuff my ears with cotton.
Every night the same old noise;
It really is a bore,
Yet what can you do in a case like this
When both your roommates snore?

* * *

The Fairy Ball

THE POPPIES nod their sleepy heads,
The clouds are passing slow,
And eventide has come at last,
So homeward mortals go.

Tonight the fairies revels hold
Upon the grass so green,
And they with ceremony great
Will greet their fairy queen.

The modest little violets
Will act as serving maids
. . but now the party's over
And the twilight slowly fades.

Next morning in the clover patch
Great gossip spread around—
For a ring from the fairy queen's own hand
Was picked up from the ground.

* * *

Home

THE OLD gray cabin on the side
of the hill,
The once rushing stream whose pools
are now still,
The hills and fields I used to roam—
Of these I think when I think of home.

Meadows all covered with flowers bright;
The wood owl raising his cry at night;
The fish ever leaping from the cataracts
of foam—
Of these I think when I think of home.

* * *

Shoes

WHENEVER I walk down the street
I love to notice people's feet—
Some wear big shoes, some wear small;
Some wear sandals; some none at all.

Some wear slippers with fancy high heels;
Some wear stiff boots like boats without
keels;
Some wear rubbers made for the rain;
Some are fancy—but mine are just plain.

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Carmel Saddened by Miss Stewart's Death

CARMEL friends have been saddened by the news of the death of Miss Jean Stewart on Friday morning of last week, as a result of double pneumonia following an operation for appendicitis. The funeral services were held Monday in St. Joseph's Church in San Jose, where Miss Stewart was born and spent most of her life.

Last year Miss Stewart purchased the Mark Daniels' home at Pebble Beach, and lived there with her mother. She was a graduate of Notre Dame in Belmont and later attended the Castellaja School in Palo Alto. She leaves a mother, Mrs. Norman J. Stewart; two sisters, Mrs. E. Keesling of San Jose and Mrs. Nora McCullough of Crockett, and one brother, Reginald Stewart of San Jose.

Tom Bickle to Vacation by Air

THOMAS BICKLE of the Palace Drug company, is leaving tomorrow on what promises to be a most enjoyable trip to British Columbia. He will go to Vallejo from Carmel, where he will meet his friend, Air Pilot J. H. Lawrey, and will fly with him, making the first stop in Portland. They will then proceed to Vancouver. In Vancouver Bickle will join old comrades of the Boer War and will pack into the Canadian Rockies for a fortnight's hunting and fishing.

J. H. Lawrey was one of the men who flew for the government in the Alaskan Survey Expedition. It is interesting to remember that Bickle took pictures of the eclipse of the sun for James Worthington, noted astronomer, from an airplane in San Diego four years ago. The pilot in that case had to fly his plane far above a fog bank. It has been stated in scientific journals that this was the first time a plane had been used officially to take eclipse pictures.

Stutsman Home "Warmed" by Party

MR. and Mrs. George Stutsman were hosts last week at an old fashioned "house-warming" at their beautiful new home in Hatton Fields. Supper was served in the ball room which was later cleared for dancing, when music was furnished by the Del Monte orchestra.

Some of the many guests who enjoyed the evening were Captain and Mrs. Joseph Dornblazer, Lieutenant and Mrs. H. E. Sanderson, Lieutenant and Mrs. Einar Schjervin, Messrs. and Mesdames Paul Flanders, Robert Mason, Byington Ford, Tad Stinson, C. L. Conlon; L. U. Rowntree, O. J. Cope, Mesdames Yodee Remsen, Hilda Argo, Marian Boke Todd, Estelle Monteagle, Ruth Austin, Misses Willette Allen, Ruth Murphy, J. Huntington, Lucy Challis, Marie and Grace Rudolph, Katharine Cooke, Messrs. John Ward, Hobart Glassell, Ralph Todd, Carl Stanley, Franklin Murphy, Rem Remsen, Witt Prentice, John Cooper Orcutt, Ernest Schweninger, Dr. R. A. Kocher, Major W. W. Erwin, Captain Laurence Patterson, Lieutenants Douglas McNair and George W. Read.

ELEVENTH CAVALRY POLO TEAM OFF FOR BIG TOURNAMENT

The Eleventh Cavalry Polo team left Monterey Sunday for Portland where it will participate in the Northwestern Polo tournament. The players representing the cavalry are Major "Red" Erwin, Lieutenants George Read, Douglas McNair, R. Stewart Bardin.

STUTSMAN'S PRIZE DOG HAS ANOTHER FINE LITTER

Dog lovers on the Peninsula are interested in the news that Blanka von der Schaferquelle, George Stutsman's prize-winning German Police bitch, has another litter of puppies, sired by a son of Thunder, Warner Brothers' star movie dog.

This is Blanka's fourth litter, each of her three previous litters having produced blue ribbon winners. One of her progeny, Ortilla von der Schaferquelle, owned by Mrs. B. R. Fletcher of Los Angeles, is within two points of her championship at eighteen months old. Blanka herself was a prize winner in Germany before being imported, and this year swept everything in her class before her at Del Monte.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 6, 1927

The 7:15 a. m. from Carmel; the 7:30 p. m. from Monterey; the 8:00 p. m. from Carmel, and the 9:10 p. m. from Monterey will be discontinued. Revised schedule is as follows.

TIME TABLE

Leave Carmel for Monterey		Leave Monterey for Carmel	
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:30
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		5:30

SCENIC TRIPS

Parties made up for Seventeen-mile Drive, The Big Sur, Santa Cruz Big Trees, Carmel Valley, Tassajara Springs, Point Lobos and Carmel Highlands. Phone Carmel 321.

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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City Official Paper of Carmel-by-the-Sea

PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. R. A. Bray of Piedmont is the house guest of Miss Ellen O'Sullivan for several days this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, with Miss Carol Lapham and Mr. Lewis Lapham of San Francisco, were here for a few days last week.

* * *

Charles Gilman Norris and his wife, Kathleen Norris, who have been living in Saratoga for several years, have purchased the Thiele estate in Palo Alto and will build a beautiful home there following their return from Europe.

* * *

Mrs. Leigh Liston of San Antonio street has returned to Carmel to recuperate after five weeks in the Dante Sanitarium in San Francisco. Her daughter, Miss Connie Lee, had as her house guest recently, Miss Gertrude Martin of Burlingame.

* * *

Some of the young people visiting on the Peninsula held a barbecue in the deserted Indian Village at Pebble Beach last week. Those present were Misses Anita Reiners, Mary Sturm, Marian Williams, Ursula Sawyer anw Elizabeth Candy, and Messrs. William Hickson, Bill Candy, W. E. Reise, Philip Neer and Berkeley Jones of Dobbs Ferry, New York.

* * *

Miss Edna McDuffie is down from Berkeley and is occupying the McDuffie cottage in Scenic Drive. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie are at present in the mountains.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Adriance have returned to Stockton after a visit in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobey of Sacramento were in town for a few days last week.

* * *

Mrs. William Jones of Fresno is spending some time in Carmel.

* * *

Miss Patty Chickering came down from Piedmont and will visit her mother at her home on Casanova and Santa Lucia.

* * *

Mrs. Hazel Flanders and Mrs. Margery Crandall of Hollywood spent the week-end in town with Mrs. Sara Deming, leaving later for San Francisco. Miss Mary Flanders will be with Mrs. Deming for some time.

* * *

Guests on the Peninsula recently have included Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson of Hollywood. Robert Edeson, popular actor, has recently joined the film colony and Mr. Bancroft is among the new and conspicuous leading men on the screen having attracted headline attention in the "Pony Express".

* * *

Mrs. Carl Parker and her daughter, Maryan, who were at The Highlands recently for a few days, have left for Prescott, Arizona, and later will go to their home in Kansas City.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bates are the guests of Mrs. Bates' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene, for a fortnight.

* * *

Mrs. Tucker of Pasadena and her brother, Mr. Walter Schneider, entertained at dinner at Del Monte Grill recently when their guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Young of Los Angeles, who are staying at Pebble Beach Lodge, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke of Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mrs. Jack Reiners and her two attractive daughters, Anita and Frances, are leaving this week for their home in Fresno. They have been in one of the Yates' cottages for a month.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schwabe of Portland, Ore., have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Stutsman for several days. Schwabe is a noted attorney of the northern city.

* * *

Tirey Ford came down from San Fran-

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

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SONG AND DANCE SPECIALTIES

cisco for the week-end.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Talbert Josselyn have returned to Carmel from Canada and the northern states.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. McClelland Brady and Miss Elizabeth Holland, who are spending the summer in Santa Barbara, spent a few days on the Peninsula last week.

* * *

Miss Marcelle Radgesky and Miss Elizabeth Ingels have taken the Keans cottage on north Camino Real for the winter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bixby, who have returned recently from a trip around the world, will be in Carmel this week, and have taken one of the Yates' cottages on Ocean avenue.

* * *

Mrs. James Hopper and Miss Maryon Hopper spent the week-end in San Francisco with Mrs. Hopper's mother.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart P. Glassell are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter at the Carmel Hospital last week. The baby has been named Stephanie Che, and is the third child in the family.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Halle Schaffner, whose wedding took place in San Francisco last week, left on Monday morning for Chicago where they will remain for a few days before leaving for New York and thence for a European trip.

* * *

Interesting visitors on the Peninsula last week from Melbourne, Australia, were Mrs. L. Bookby and Miss Lillian Sutherland. They came to Carmel from Los Angeles and are enroute for Vancouver. They will sail for home on the S.S. Orangi on September 21.

* * *

Mrs. Clampett Young of Carmelo street, is in San Francisco for several days, the guest of Mrs. Frederick Clampett.

* * *

Professor Lloyd and his son, Francis, who have been spending the summer in Carmel, left last night for Montreal where Professor Lloyd is head of the department of botany at McGill University.

* * *

Miss Jane Lawler, who has been spending the summer in Oregon, returned to her home in Carmel last week.

* * *

Miss Katherine Smit is leaving next week to visit her sister in Memphis, Tennesee, and will later go on to St. Paul before returning to her home in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. Addison Mitzner, uncle of Miss Ysabel Chase, who has been visiting at Pebble Beach for some time, entertained at an informal picnic in Carmel Valley last Sunday. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. George Gordon Moore, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Marion Hollins, Messrs. Courtland Hill, Jack Morse and Horace Chase.

* * *

Mrs. George Gordon Moore, who has been one of the most enthusiastic flyers in Carmel, left her valley home on Monday and with her two children left for New York where she will join Mr. Moore and attend the International Polo games at Meadowbrook when the American team will meet the British Indian Army players. Tommy Hitchcock, who made such a splendid showing at Del Monte last year, will be the leader of the Americans and the Indian Army team will be composed of Captain Claude E. Pert, Major Austin Williams, Major E. G. Atkinson and Captain C. T. I. Roark.

* * *

Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, who has recently returned from Honolulu where he attended an aducational conference, was in town over the week-end, visiting friends.

* * *

Miss Hortense Lion and her mother of San Jose, who spend some time every year in Carmel, are here for a month at Pine Inn.

Indian Plays Finish and Fine Sensitiveness

THE THREE American Indian plays put on by Marion Craig Wentworth at the Theatre of The Golden Bough were of great interest to the lover of the theater. Marion Craig Wentworth deserves a real tribute for the finish and sensitiveness of her production. For the first time in many months the Theatre of The Golden Bough showed its almost untouched resources in the use of forestage, dome and lights. The stage set was one of natural, simple beauty, worked out through the use of the dome and drapes. The drapes hung from the dome in stark lines, suggesting tree forms—just trees and light and space—the heritage of the Indian. The continuous beat of the drum off-stage, the long silences and quiet of it all, successfully created the atmosphere that was the biggest part of the performance.

Into this space the actors came, as silently and as noiselessly as deer appear in a mountain meadow, and with their voices and the power of their art dominated the space of the dome and brought the set into the limits of personal experience.

Francis Hickson did what one rarely hears—reached a synthesis of flute and voice as "Singing Man" that showed what a finished use of the voice can do with even the simplest of music off-stage. Mr. Hickson reached effects and climaxes that were very fine. His body, silhouetted against the silent trees, and rising toward the stars as "listening woman" listened vainly, was worth the evening's time.

Miss Gilbert was also very fine, but she had less chance to show her art.

The fact that the three plays lacked variety, that they perhaps were not truly and consistently Indian or done true to Indian form, does not alter the fact that the production was significant in its use of the lights, dome and forestage, that it was simple and sincere, and very finished. We should like to see the company return and show their fine ability in stronger material.

HIGHLAND RETREATS

Property at Carmel Highlands is limited and has always been in demand.

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The Slicker Slicked A Story by Billy Argo

(The following very exciting and "open-mouthing", as Billy would have it, "crime story" is the work of William Argo, son of Hilda Argo, on The Cymbal staff. Billy is 13 years old and has the distinction of being the youngest Carmel author to have a story appear in a magazine of national circulation, a contribution of his having graced the pages of the American Boy not so long ago.—Ed.)

SLICKER SMITH smoothed his hair and gazed into his mirror, admiring the effect. His reflection would have startled one familiar with the usual style of haberdashery. His flaming tie, with its more flaming tie-pin, would have been enough, but his hard-boiled derby and checkered suit completed the effect of an artist's palette.

Mr. Smith, however, was quite pleased with himself. He had managed to "clean" his comrades at the poker table the night before of quite a tidy sum. "Managed", reflected Slicker, was hardly the word. He had won that game before he had drawn his first five, and was sure of winning any other games, providing no more dexterous card-sharps than he were sitting in.

The sum which he had won was nothing to Slicker. Just now he had a plan in mind to net him at least ten grand. All he needed was a specimen of that unwilling assistant to a con man—the well-known sucker.

Such a victim Mr. Smith expected to procure before noon, thanks to a classified ad. he had placed in the morning paper. Having put the finishing touches on his hair, he quietly left the room, locking the door behind him, and made his way to his favorite restaurant where the waiter, not troubling to enquire what he wished, placed his usual breakfast in front of him.

Slicker smoothed out the paper and read his decoy ad.

"Intelligent young man wanted to be assistant in large diamond concern. Fine pay. Call or phone at 1156 East Blvd."

Smith grunted appreciatively. The only trouble with his idea would be the waiting in his rooms for his hoped-for "sucker".

His ham and eggs totally demolished, he rose and stretched himself luxuriously.

"It ought to be gone by tonight if I can get a goof to work on. Today's the day I've been waiting for for years. Ten grand never was to be sneezed at and yours truly won't even cough when he gets the Roue diamond."

He left the restaurant with a wave of his hand at the clerk and was soon seated in his well-furnished suite of rooms. Carefully dusting his immaculate, but hardly stylish derby, he deposited it on a rack.

Hardly was he seated in his over-stuffed chair when a knock was heard on the door. Slicker lit an excellent cigar and leaned forward pretending intently to read. Another knock, and:

"Come in!"

The door slowly opened and, with loud scrapings and knockings, a young youth entered, propelling his carpet bag before him.

Slicker immediately rose and came forward with extended hand.

"How do you do, sir? What can I do for you? Ah, of course." This as the young man drew from his pocket a folded paper, "You, young man, are the first applicant for this tremendously important position. I gather you just arrived."

"Yep," volunteered the newcomer. "jus' this last hour. The folks in Pottsdown thought I ought to get a chance in the city. They took a collection and sent me here. Gee, I aint seen so much money in my life."

"Fine," agreed Smith, "I feel that fellows as live as you are should be in every large city. Have a chair, sir. Cigar? Fine."

"I'd like to know something about this here job, if I could. I'm purty sharp and can pick it up easy."

Slicker had to proceed carefully.

"My name," he began, "is Merriman, and I own quite a large diamond firm. Our stock is complete except for one detail, the Roue diamond, which, at present, is with our rivals, Harrowby's, who are another large firm. They have it at a sale price of ten thousand dollars, but they will not sell it to any man in our firm. Then, after you are hired you will go in there and buy it, while they will know nothing of your being hired."

The not over-bright young man seemed a bit snowed under by this prodigious bit of conversation.

"Well, I think I get it. Please go on, sir."

"After buying it you will bring the diamond to these rooms. I will probably be at the downtown offices of our firm, so you will leave it here and come down to the office, where I will give you your first week's pay in advance."

"Wait a minute," said the young man, "There's nothing crooked about this scheme, is there?"

Smith recoiled in his chair with the utmost horrification written over his features.

"My dear sir, if you expect anything of that sort in the Merriman Diamond Corporation you are at liberty to resign at once." Smith's acting was perfect, and completely fooled the gullible young fellow.

"W-w-w-well, sir, no offense; —I hope you aren't hurt at all, sir. Zack Stiles never—just—well, you know, sir, I just . !"

Smith cut him short with a gesture.

"All right," he said, "I just don't choose to have a business partner suspect that in the least."

Stiles respectfully spoke.

"Well, sir, if it aint disconvenient might I know about this here pay?"

"You will get half the proceeds from any deal we complete."

Zack seemed absolutely flabbergasted.

"You mean," he gasped, "that I get half if we put over—say a thousand dollar deal?"

"Certainly," answered the con man; then with a glance at his watch, "How time flies! It's nearly twelve. Of course, you will lunch with me, won't you?"

"Sure, glad to, sir."

Smith flipped his cigar butt into the fireplace and winked wryly at the wall as he left the room, after his intended victim.

Scorning his usual restaurant, Smith took the young man to the best uptown cafe. Young Stiles' eyes fairly popped from his head at the grandeur of it.

"What will you have, sir?" enquired the

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waiter, when the men had seated themselves in a booth in a quiet corner.

Smith cast a look at Zack and saw that young man completely stumped by the elegant French names adorning the menu. The con man hastened to his rescue and gave the order. Such a fellow, he reflected, would not be hard to fool. He wished he could hook a sucker like this whenever he wished.

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the soup and Zack's open-mouthed gasp at the silver bowls and dishes.

"Gee, I never seen anything like this afore," gasped Zack, who could hardly eat from wonderment. Once more Smith mentally congratulated himself on securing such a gullible victim.

The meal consumed a good hour and Slicker saw that his timing was perfect for the execution of his plan. He turned his idea over in his mind and found nothing wrong with it. At sharp two o'clock he would have Stiles enter the store with ten grand in flawless counterfeit bills. Tim the Scribbler had spent many tedious months engraving the plates for them. Zack wouldn't know the difference between them and the real bills. After buying the diamond he would deposit it where Smith had told him to. Then, when Zack went to the imaginary downtown offices, he would find himself in the police station. The phoney bills would probably have been discovered and a description of Zack sent to the police. With him literally having walked into their hands, he would tell his story, the police putting him down as plainly dippy. Naturally the diamond would be searched for, but Slicker would be far away, lying low. If the counterfeits were detected at the time of buying, Zack would be arrested and his story put down to acting. Yes, thought the con man, quite a plan.

"Come to the bank with me and I'll get you the money," suggested Smith.

"Sure," answered Zack, "Are the banks as nifty as this?"

"Nearly," answered Smith shortly. He was in no mood to answer Stiles' foolish questions with the loot so near at hand.

The bank didn't seem to impress Zack as the cafe had; a fact which annoyed Smith not a little. If Zack happened to notice that he drew only an even grand—his getaway money—it would lead, dense as Stiles was, to questions quite difficult to answer, even for the wiley Smith.

It took but a moment to get his money, which he slipped in his pocket.

"We'd better take a car," said the con man, "It's quite a way from here."

He didn't take a taxi for the reason that when Zack was caught and the chauffeur of the car happened to testify, the police would undoubtedly have recognized his description and the dragnet would have been started for him.

Zack a hayseed, was duly impressed by the car, giving Smith another chance for thought. He experienced no thrill whatsoever, no qualm of pity at thus sending a man "up the stretch" though it was his biggest job. Slicker was the kind of man who would rather go for small stakes in safety than for a large haul with danger connected with it.

He had not noticed the journey, and woke from his reverie with a start, as the conductor called the name of the corner on which Harrowby's was located. The latter was a tremendous place, easily the largest jewelry store in town. Here the con man left his victim and gave him the ten thousand dollars in counterfeit, with more instructions what to do. Slicker grinned wolfishly as he saw the unsuspecting Zack disappear through the door.

Now Smith had only to kill time until he could go to his room where he would find the diamond waiting for him. He smacked his lips in anticipation. A stroll down the street would kill time, as would a round of pool at Dan's Billiard Hall.

His walk irritated him. He wanted more excitement. He headed directly for Dan's. Say! What if he should lose his nerve? No, it was a foolish thought. Had he not been through many similar adventures? No, hardly similar, but all of them con games.

A round of pool, at which he won, pepped him up considerably. Why should he worry? The risk was with the unsuspecting hayseed. He glanced at his watch. Time Zack had left the diamond. He had to be gone before Zack reached the police station.

He boarded the car in high spirits and sat silently reading a newspaper which had been left on the seat. Suddenly his eye lit on an item which made him gasp and recoil in the wicker seat. What if ——? No! It was impossible, yet maybe——. He pressed his feet on the back of the seat in front of him, as if hastening the car's progress. It seemed an age before the conductor called the name of his street. But when it did come he tore off the train in a manner which caused an old lady across the aisle to whisper to her companion that "the young man must surely be unbalanced".

He wasted not a moment in running at top speed up the stairs which led to his apartment and let himself into the rooms. He dashed over to his table and suddenly his whole body seemed to thrill. His fears were not realized. The box with "Harowby's" on it was there. He tore it hurriedly open, lifted off the cotton and ———. With open-mouthed astonishment he gazed at what lay before him. The very story he had read in the car, neatly clipped and folded. He automatically read it again.

TERROR OF CON MEN IN TOWN

Gentleman Jack, the confidence man, accustomed to beating his fellows at their own game, is in town, according to reports heard today. Not only the con men, but the police, are on the lookout for the wiley double-crosser.

Smith gasped once more as he glanced at the bottom of the item, where a hurried: "Thanks, Slicker," was scrawled on the grey paper.

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Notes and Comment

ASSUMING that the charges of the French government regarding the offensive "cigarette tray" are true, another example is provided of the "smartness" of the American abroad. His too-often coarse sense of humor, coupled with his cock-sureness of his world supremacy, often lead him into such insults to the people of another country. An example similar to that in France is apparent in Hawaii where cheap stores, operated by ignorant shopkeepers, sell hideous picture postcards made in Milwaukee or Chicago or Kansas City and depicting naked Hawaiian girls in the arms of American sailors. Even if it were funny instead of asinine, it would not be nice.

* * *

HAMMERS are sounding somewhat intermittently in the shell of the Harrison Memorial Library, under construction by M. J. Murphy, which indicates that the contractor, despite his American Plan" dictum of ten days ago, is able to carry on to some extent. Union carpenters, who "walked out" on Murphy when he demanded that they sign up with the new so-called Industrial Association, are still standing pat and wondering what will come of the labor situation. In the meantime Murphy is said to have declared that he can obtain all the men he wants from Los Angeles when he considers it time to take the step. It is promised by the striking carpenters that there will be no militancy, but it will be a difficult strain on their determination to keep the peace if "scab" workmen are brought into the city. The Cymbal is still of the opinion that Murphy and those who have followed him into the American Plan fold are strong enough to win out despite the fact that the union labor men have the Tynan Lumber company and the T. A. Work Lumber company behind them. A feud between Murphy and Work has long existed and there are some who declare that the present industrial upheaval is more of a personal matter between these two men than a serious labor difference of opinion. If this is the case the affair takes on much of the aspect of the Southern feuds where the heads of the families are not the most serious sufferers. But no matter what germ the thing started from it will eventually reach proportions that will carry it out of the confines of the contending families and into the field of the great warfare between capital and labor that is being waged throughout the country today.

* * *

THE CYMBAL is re-printing in this issue an article from the Outlook entitled "Al. Smith Owes It to the Roman Catholic Church Not To Run for President", written by a man who declares himself to be an "American Catholic", and who, when one considers what he has to say, is certainly a Catholic.

The article is re-printed in these columns because we believe that it deals with a matter that is of vital importance to the people of this country and to the future of this nation. To many it has perhaps not assumed on the face of it the alarming proportions of its bulk, but there is very little question that it is one around which bitterness and strife, if not bloodshed, will whirl disastrously throughout the decade to come. It is foolishness to decry comment on it, and debate on it, as fomenting trouble. The trouble is here; has long been here. It is not the manikin of the pen and tongue of the people; it is the creation of the heart of the people, and by the very vitality of its inception and its nuture it stalks among us with the irrepressibility of a Frankenstein monster.

Judge Crabites' great point is that Governor Smith of New York would do a great injury to the fortunes and future of the Roman Catholic Church should he permit himself, a Roman Catholic, to become a candidate for President of the United States. That is the theme of his thesis and we cannot quarrel with his right to choose the subject he would debate. That is his privilege.

But you will note that he does not discuss the question from the standpoint of the interest of the United States.

"My Church", he says, is in danger, and he virtually adds: "We must wait with patience a litle longer before we can strengthen the position of the Roman Catholic Church in America by capturing the Presidency of the United States for a Roman Catholic."

And it is because of just that spirit, running continuously through his able article, that Judge Crabites opens the way for condemnation of his Church and its communicants in America. "We must wait to control," he says. And his Southern farmer is actually fighting against that possible control of the affairs of state of the United States of America by the Roman Catholic Church.

Nothing that Judge Crabites can say, nothing that Governor Smith, in his extremely excellent answer to charges of religous domination by his Church in case he was President, can write, can wipe out the political and social record of the Roman Catholic Church which runs concommitant with distress and tragedy through the annals of Roman Catholic countries throughout the world.

It is not Judge Crabites' faith the non-Catholics of the United States are set to battle against; it is the political organization of the Roman Catholic Church that forms the army marching behind Judge Crabites and Governor Smith with control of the United States government as its objective.

"Patience is the watchword" of the Roman Catholic Church, says Judge Crabites. "It is the harbinger of peace. It is the daughter of good will and the mother of charity. It is as necessary to the America of the future as present day Protestant ill will is distressing to loyal Catholic men and women."

In that statement the judge proves himself a devout follower of the faith of his fathers, and that he is possessed of that indelible inheritance of sublime dedication to the propagation of that faith and the furtherance of the fortunes of the religious organization in which he is enrolled.

We respect his devotion and his dedication. We have no quarrel with his religion. We admire the beauty of his ceremonies. We have found the peace af ages within the cloisters of his beautiful houses of worship. But we cannot shut our eyes and our minds to the inability or indisposition of the Roman Catholic Church as an organization, political and social, to remedy and relieve the distress and poverty and travail of its communicants in the countries it politically and socially dominates.

Spain and Portugal stand today as examples of the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. No one can pass through the rural districts of those countries without being oppressed by the social chaos and community tragedy. No one can pass through them without observation of the towering magnificence of the Roman Catholic cathedrals above the hovels of the people to whom it spiritually ministers.

It is not Alfred Smith's religion against which we stand and the Southern farmer stands and is ready to battle. It is not against his doctrine of original sin, his confessional, or any part of his church's ritual. It is against the power that stands behind him and can demand allegiance from him in the name of the Pope at Rome.

This, then, is the battle line, and the nomination of Governor Alfred J. Smith for President of the United States will cleave the country into a great chasm on this issue and this issue alone. His tendency to oppose the "dry" amendment to the United States Constitution, his not-far-removed foreign ancestors, his environment, his personality are, and will more strongly be as time goes on, far beside the point. It is because he is a devout and irrevocably sworn member of a religio-politico organization that craves power and control and dominance that Alfred J. Smith will become President of the United States only after a struggle that will go down in history as one of the great tragic periods of modern civilization.

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ARGO-NOUGHTS

AN OPEN LETTER TO DON HALE

Dear Don:

On Monday afternoon, egged on by your mother, I asked you for one of the cigarette lighters given away by your insurance company. You graciously acceded to my request, and then spoiled it all by saying, "Hey, Hilda, what about a free advertisement?" Fair enough. I followed your instructions implicitly; I filled the little lighter with benzine, and twirled the little wheel around. Nothing happened. I did it all over again, and still nothing happened, and now I am convinced that the California Insurance company that sent you the lighters, insures against fire, and is the originator of the famous slogan, "Help Prevent Fires". I thank you.

(signed) HILDA

* * *

What price re-incarnation? Or do the dead return? Last Saturday morning I was wandering along Dolores street when I met a friend who asked: "Isn't Jerome K. Jerome dead?" After several moments of heavy thought I replied that he was. Then she flashed a Friday issue of the Herald on me and I read the following:

"Jerome K. Jerome, celebrated English novelist and author of 'Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the dog)' is a visitor in Carmel this week. He is staying at La Playa hotel."

Frankly I was intrigued. Having had very little success with Ouija boards or table tapping, I rushed to La Playa to ask Jerome K. Jerome some questions. There I was confronted with the register. Jerome J. Jerome of Evansville, Indiana, and J. L. Jerome, a movie actor from Hollywood, had been there, but not the dead man I was seeking. And I wouldn't have been half so amused at the whole thing if I weren't quite capable of making just such a slip as that myself and getting a kick out of it . . but just try and get a thing like that by W. K. All of which reminds me of the priceless day that a nice old lady walked into Cabbages and Kings and shook hands warmly with Louise Walcott, and said how pleased she was "to meet the famous Louisa M Alcott, authoress of 'Little Women'."

* * *

"Wait till I get them up in the air, boys!" was quite a popular song several years ago, and Norm Miller didn't have to wait very long. This town is completely "up in the air" and more are going up every day. Kit Cooke, Ruth Austin, Mrs. George Gordon Moore, Bonnie Gottfried, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt, Carol Crothers, Rhoda Johnson, Mrs. Revere, Marian Todd . . and, as I don't spend quite all my time at the field, I judge there are many more whose names I have not recorded, which reminds me that little Gail Johnson and her sister, Patty, and Anne Walcott should be added to the list. I must confess that I like it myself, and exceedingly doubt a story told me by "Casey" Baldwin, famous captain of a University of Toronto rugby team, who, after graduation, joined Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame in a little town in Nova Scotia. Bell was at the time much interested in flying machines, which were then in their infancy. They used Braddock for their headquarters, and one day when Casey was well up in the air, he looked over the sside of the plane and saw his house burning. He tried to land . . he was so nervous he came down too quickly. He had to climb once more. This went on for quite a time. He could see people running out his furniture, but he was up in the air and couldn't get down. He told me this story one day when we were talking about the amazing comfort and safety of the war planes. Wonder what he thinks of the 1927 ships, that land easily without bumping?

George Ball is a most enthusistic flying fan. It is even rumored that he has been up so many times, and is so fascinated by the flying game, that remembering Hamlet and other old plays that have been modernized, he is seriously considering having Norm bring his plane down to The Golden Bough and fly across the ice with Eliza in a snappy and up-to-date version of Uncle Tom's Cabin. They might use it to take little Eva up to heaven, too. It bears thinking over, doesn't it?

—HILDA

A Contributed Editorial

WHAT is all this hullabaloo about art, anyway? Behold in our midst we have the spectacle of a newborn brain child, the offspring of the venerable Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts. This sterile period is now over. Now we see being brought to life, fashioned, created—the Carmel Art Association. Get this. This is no idle dream of pseudo esthetic souls, babbling about the sanctity of art. This is a business proposition. This is a living issue. This is a legitimate outlet for a ferment that has had no direction and no release for intelligent activity in the past.

What we need now is people fearless enough to join up, enlist and rally to the cause so that we can present such a brave showing, and with distinction that we will eventually attract master craftsmen. Eventually, why not now? Today we have a number of well known painters, must we wait for the vogue, the eclat, of some new and brilliant celebrity before suporting and championing this cause? Names? Names? We have them, and as soon as the realtors see the business advantage that will accrue to them they too will promote our cause because we know all too wel the case of Greenwich Village, of Provincetown, of Santa Fe and the left bank in Paris.

We have witnessed in these four places the rise in the value in real estate, with the rise of the interest in art. In the beginning each of these places was renowned for some quality of distinction or charm. This drew the artists, the painters, the penmen, all the different types of craftsmen who built up the art tradition. The artists in time drew the public. There is no escaping. Carmel is bound to grow in one way or another. Hence we must keep up the art tradition. Inevitably there will be differences of opinion in an undertaking among such suposedly temperamental people. Naturally there will be a strong personal bias in favor of one thing or another when it comes to deciding the location for the gallery, the place of meeting, and all the details.

Above all, and this is paramount, we should not become destitute of a sense of humor which will carry us through.

—PAUL MAYS

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Al. Smith Owes It to the Roman Catholic Church Not To Make Run for President

By JUDGE PIERRE CRABITES
An American Catholic
(Reprinted from The Outlook)

THAT the Presidential candidacy of the present Governor of New York is a serious menace to the Catholic religion is my reaction to the efforts of those well-meaning men who are seeking to obtain the Democratic nomination for as high-minded a statesman as has ever held public office. Alfred E. Smith is a loyal American and a devout Catholic. He and his advisers have apparently failed to see that, whether he can or cannot become President, the very prominence given to his legitimate aspirations at this particular moment constitutes the greatest single peril that has ever beset Catholicism on the North American Continent since Lord Baltimore implanted upon the soil of Maryland the doctrine of religious freedom.

I am writing as a Catholic, as a man who was educated by Jesuit Fathers, and who has seen to it that his only son has received the same advantage of Jesuit training. I do not know Governor Smith. I have never seen him. I have, however, the highest respect for his talents, the most unbounded admiration for his character, and an esteem for his executive qualities that almost amounts to veneration.

I am a Southerner. I therefore need not say what the welfare of the party of white supremacy means to me. I recognize the incomparable vote-gathering qualities of the man of whom I am writing. I know what it signifies to a political organization to have as its available standard bearer a born leader of men who comes from a pivotal State.

It is not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more, that I feel constrained to give expression to my views.

I present a sorry spectacle as I write these lines. I am propped up in bed. I am lying in a hospital in far-away Egypt. Three years ago a Cairo tram ran over my right leg. A skillful surgeon amputated it just south of the knee. Ten days ago I fell down the stairs of my home just as I was leaving for court. The fall broke my knee-cap and added a new word to my vocabulary. I now know what "patella" means and silver cords within my flesh and bones link—I hope indissolubly—this Irish boy and girl. But bandages and what is left of a plaster cast immobilize my limb. They cannot, however, imprison my soul. My friends are very kind to me. They seek to distract me. There are nevertheless long hours when I must perforce remain alone. Reading has solaced me. Every time, however, that I look up from my book those blank hospital walls have seemed to carry a message to me. They flash forth words that are burning themselves into my soul. They read—I am copying them now: "'Al' Smith owes it to the faith of his fathers to retire from the race."

Of course, all this merely shows that for months I have been giving American political questions careful thought. I am divorced from factional strife. Thousands of miles separate me from the battle fray. Yet as a man who was born in Louisiana on the morrow of the Reconstruction the call of the blood forces me to be interested in Democratic success. I have scanned the field for a winning candidate. The incomparable strength invariably shown by Governor Smith on election day has made My pulse beat faster. I have dispassionately surveyed the situation. I have convinced myself that if he can be nominated—and I underscore the "if"—he will stand an excellent chance of election. But my same analysis, study and contemplation have likewise persuaded me that, even if the Presidential chair be within his grasp, his election would be detrimental to the best interests of his religion.

I fall back upon history for my opening argument. Those splendid men and women who fled from the Old World for the purpose of escaping religious tyranny, among whom I count certain of my forbears, had—with the exception of Lord Baltimore and his English Catholics—no intention of establishing freedom of worship beyond the seas. They were the sons and daughters of an intolerant age. They did not deny the premise that the majority had the right to make the minority accept its dogmas. They merely fought, to the best of their ability, to have the upper hand. When the tide of battle went definitely against them, they turned their eyes to the West with the fixed resolve of imposing their views on their new habitat. When they began to draft laws and to draw up constitutions, enactments in many cases flowed from their pens that placed disabilities upon Catholics and Jews. These statutes bespeak the measure of tolerance that grew to fruition in the old colonies.

When Jefferson and his Virginia friends insisted that the Federal Constitution should proclaim that no law shall be passed respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, what was really back of their minds was to protect the Episcopalians of Virginia against the Methodists of North Carolina, the Dutch Reformed Church of New York against the Congregationalists of Massachusetts, and the Baptists of Georgia against the Quakers of Pennsylvania. American thought had evolved in those days to the extent that it was then felt that every Protestant of every colony should have the right of worshiping his Protestant God in every one of the thirteen states according to the tenets of his Protestant sect. The rule against the "establishment of a religion" was merely a corollary to this primary proposition. It meant that in Virginia the Episcopalian of the South renounced his vested right in favor of the the Congregationalist of the North because the latter granted him a similar favor in New England.

But that these men never thought of Catholics and Jews when they carried out their give-and-take program is shown from the fact that they were intellectually the self-same group that in 1776 had, as slave-owners, declared all men to be born free and equal. When they spoke of "men" on July 4, 1776, they meant "white men", although they did not say so in so many words. When a few years later they ordained "the free exercise of religion" they had in mind the various Protestant sects

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then established in the States, although they did not specifically so declare. It took practically a hundred years and a great civil war to delete the adjective "white" from the Declaration of Independence. General Grant at Appomattox ran his sword through the fateful word. It is to avoid the possibility of a like contingency that I counsel patience. Decades mean nothing to the Catholic Church. It can wait until public opinion wipes the Protestant clause out of Protestant hearts. The spiritual ink that has written it is fast fading away. Within a relatively short space of time it will have disappeared if an inconsiderate candidacy cease to give it new chemical life.

When those deeply religious first settlers carried their wives, their Bibles, and their guns to the New World, they brought with them hearts filled with pious rancor. They lived in little settlements where austerity, intolerance, and Indian fighting tended to keep alive that flame of sectarian exclusiveness and of Church militancy that had gnawed at their vitals when they were still in Europe. They formed homogeneous entities ethnically, intellectually, and spiritually. I am speaking, I need not add, along general lines. I am referring to the separate colonies, and not to the thirteen viewed as a whole. Each group lived within itself. It had to coalesce to fight the red man. It knew of no amusement, and automatically fell back upon prayer as a bond of fellowship. It therefore developed an ingrowing type of religion that sought for outward expression in the form of missionary zeal. This it did not confine to matters ecclesiastical, but extended to subjects which the world at large considers to be purely mundane problems. And then came the black slaves. New England had them as long as they were economically profitable to her. Their presence brought the white settlers closer together, convinced them more and more that they were a chosen people, and fortified the underlying proselytism of the dominant race. A mentality sprang from this crucible that differed from that of England. Britain is tolerant in the sense that if she can plant her flag on a given square mile of territory she is perfectly willing that the inhabitants thereof may continue to use their ancestral altars and commune with their gods as befits their pleasure. She respects traditions. It may be said that she makes a fetish of them. We are iconoclasts. We are idealists. We are missionaries. We look upon our civilization as a panacea for all ills. We feel that it is our duty to force our medicine upon everybody. Our motives are lofty, our disinterestedness impeccable, and our courage unassailable. We therefore bring to the propaganda of our political faith the fervor of religious zeal. We extend the domain of government to issues which others divorce from spirituality. We are nevertheless, it grieves me to say it, self-centered, intolerant, and militant in our desire to make others as blessed as we think we are.

We lived in our shell until 1840. Until that year no immigration of an extraneous nature reached our shores in appreciable numbers. Our blood remained unaltered, our mental horizon unchanged, and our fanaticism beneficent in its self-satisfaction. But in 1837 the Irish potato crop failed, and starving sons and daughters of Erin began to crowd into our Northern ports. The slaves of the South closed the labor market of that section to the brawn and muscle of Ireland. It thus came about that this influx of new blood in no sense affected the racial homogeneity of the original Southern stock. And another line of cleavage likewise followed. The North, in those years, knew of an anti-foreign movement called Know-Nothingism. The South, with the exception of New Orleans and the other ports through which immigrants arrived, escaped such troubles. But by 1856 this first phase of Ku-Kluxism seems to have disappeared. The truth is that it was probably so completely absorbed by the anti-slavery discussion that it died of inanition. And, besides, at about this time the Germans began to arrive in droves. They, too, steered clear of the South. Carl Shurz and others made them work for the Republican party. This prevented the rebirth of Know-Nothingism, as Northern sentiment needed votes and looked with favor upon possible conscripts to fight the South.

And then came the Civil War. The Anglo-Saxons of the South and the French and Acadians of Louisiana, all 100 per cent Americans, battled to the last ditch for principles dear to their hearts. After the war the proved heroism of Irish and German Union veterans made it impossible for the North to call such valiant men "foreigners". It was therefore not until the late eighties that this heterogenous section of the United States began to hear of an American Protective Association. But all of these problems and those of the melting pot and of assimilation did not affect the social structure of the South. The white population of the old Confederate States remained, with the exception of South Louisiana, over 90 per cent Anglo-Saxon or of pucka American stock.

And South Louisiana, notwithstanding the presence of the metropolitan city of New Orleans, continued to have a population 75 per cent of which was American-born of American-born parentage. It was not until the Great War had impressed upon the States that had fought for the Stars and Bars that the Volkerchaos of the North was imperiling the Union that they gave this immigration issue serious thought. And then came the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. And after it the menace of Europe making of America a post-war dumping ground. All of this awoke the South from its lethargy as to the peril engendered by the noxious gases thrown off by the melting pot. It now attacks the foreign menace with the enthusiasm of the neophyte. It opposes any relaxation of our immigration laws with an intensity, a fervor, and a passion that is that of a religious zealot defending the purity of his fireside and the inviolability of his altar.

All of this historical reminiscence is germane to my thesis. Its object is to emphasize the fact that the eleven Secessionist States are pucka American in sentiment and vibrating with a pre-1776 type of Americanism which amounts to a cult. To men framed in such a mold "the sidewalks of New York" are anathema. This refrain, which is so dear to the ears of Smith adherents, conveys to their minds a challenge to "Nearer, my God, to Thee", and involves a slur upon the "Star Spangled Banner". They see in the music which New York loves to hear the glorification of asssimilation, the cry of triumph of the foreigner, the defiant challenge of the newly arrived immigrant. They therefore associate the name of the peerless Governor of the Empire State with the most abhorrent, the most assertive, and the most maleficent of the odors dispelled by the melting-pot. It is all very well to say that America is the land of opportunity and that Governor Smith's achievements lend glory to our institutions. The Solid South will hear nothing of this. I do not refer to politicians, who may be able to deliver electoral votes. I have in mind the farmer, who is at heart an evan-

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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World Events

(Continued from Page One)

tural interests.

Souvenir hunters strip the America, the plane in which Richard Byrd and his companions flew to Europe, while it was stored in a workshop in Teterboro, N. J.

American lives threatened in Mexico by a "red syndicate" who seized American mines. Washington demands protection for men imperiled by radicals.

Sunday, August 28

United States aviators arrive over Croydon, England, in their attempt to better the world-girdling record held by Evans and Wells, who used planes, steamboats and trains to make their record of 28 days, 14 hours and 30 minutes.

The tax rate in San Francisco for the current fiscal year will be approximately $3.78, according to the board of supervisors.

Warren R. Porter, ex-lieutenant governor of California, dies at his home in Watsonville.

Monday, August 29

Arson rages in Cambridge, Massachusetts as fivefires started during Sacco-Vanzetti cremation. Two engine houses fired while apparatus busy at other fires.

Mystery bomb shatters door and windows of the bacteriology building on University of California campus, Berkeley.

United States aviators leave England for Germany on second lap of round-the-world flight.

The French government has given Thomas Ring, former officer of the A.E.F., 48 hours to leave France, holding him responsible for the American Legion souvenir ash tray which the French assert is an insult to French womanhood.

Tuesday, August 30

Tax rate of $3.78 rejected by the San Francisco board of supervisors and rate of $3.66 adopted. School budget which added 12 cents to the rate is refused.

The United States government and South American countries asked to begin search for Paul Redfern, United States aviator, who has been missing four days on his flight to Brazil.

Round-the-world flyers take off from Munich for Constantinople.

Lady Astor will face determined effort to oust her from parliament at the next general election. Opposition will come from Liberal and Labor parties and from her own party, who have obtained a powerful candidate to run against her.

Building plots on the Mission Mesa are being selected early by far-seeing buyers. View sites overlooking Carmel Bay are limited in number and will not long be available. There is only one Carmel in the world—and Carmel is growing. Buy now, if not for the present, then for the future. There will never again be an opportunity equal to the opportunity of today.

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Rem Remsen to Be Fine Uncle Tom in Coming Carnival

I HAZARD the guess that Uncle Tom's Cabin is played somewhere in the land every night, and has played every night since it started to be played at all. But it is not played in Carmel. So that when we know that a revival of this American classic in Carmel is coming, that is news. But the chief points of interest is the place of its revival and the manner of it. It will be seen at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on September 9, 10 and 11 and will be given by The Carmel Players under the direction of George Ball. From such little sources dramatic art has sometimes been born in France, in England, in Germany and here. The players play for the love of their work, and while this may mean that many of them are not finished actors, it also means that many of them are real artists. And it will all be interesting, and I take off my hat to the director who will produce an enjoyable and sometimes poignant performance of this play.

Rem Remsen will play Uncle Tom, and the work of this versatile artist, playwright and poet is excellent. It will not be the first time that Rem has appeared with a black face . . on the stage, of course. Who among the audience at the last Carmel Follies will forget his gossipy bootblack? Ernest Schweninger will play Marks, the rascally lawyer. When we know that he will wear a top hat and make his first entrance riding a mule our joy of anticipation is complete.

Steve Glassell, head man of the circus, will be Simon Legree. He will leave his "high hat" at home and appear with a slouch top, long villainous mustache, and will crack a long whip viciously. Jadwiga Noskowiak will be Little Eva, and an appealing and lovely characterization is assured.

For contrast, picture Sally Maxwell as Topsy. Remembering her fine work in "One of the Family", where she carried a different comedy role, and in "Hay Fever", it is not hard to imagine how she and Louise Walcott, who plays Aunt Feely, will bring down the house. Gladys Vander Roest will be Eliza, the lady who crosses the ice. Of course, she will be good; she never did a poor piece of work in her life.

It is not fair to mention the mule Ernie will ride without mentioning the Boke hounds, who have stellar roles in the play, and so far have never shown up for rehearsal. Knowing Rastus, Toddles and the others very well, they can be trusted to inject something that will cause the producer to wish for a nice quiet padded cell. It will be a gala occasion; there never was a Tom show yet that wasn't.

—HILDA

Serra Pilgrimage Plans Formulating

IF you know a few Spanish phrases, own a stiff broad-brimmed black hat, and can wear a color combination of red and yellow, you are all set for the Serra Pilgrimage. The stores on the Peninsula are starting their decorating and all will be in readiness for the fete which will begin on September 9 and close September 11 with the blessing of the fishing fleet in Monterey Bay.

Arthur Cyril has announced that Bessie Louise Bane will sing in the pageant that will be given at the Forest Theater on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. Father Mestres will lead the pilgrimage from the Serra monument in Carmel Woods to Mission Carmelo and has announced that he has secured the Watsonville Boys' band to play, and a chorus of twelve voices to chant, during the march.

Francis Josef Hickson, who will take the part of Serra in the pageant, has arranged with Norman Miller, Carmel's aviator, to fly over various towns on the Peninsula, dropping programs of the pilgrimage. It will be a good publicity stunt and all the better because it will be done by the man who plays Serra, and causes us to say:

"At ninety miles an hour he loops the loop today,
Where limping Serra labored on the path from Monterey."

The last line reminds me forcibly of the "Fragment Found on a Tomb" that appeared in The Cymbal on June 1, 1926. It started like this:

"From Carmel hill the screeching cars go down to Carmel Bay.
"The Cymbal's dead! The Cymbal's dead! Proclaim a holiday."
Across the wild and lonely grave the chilling breezes blow,
And up and down the boulevard the well-pleased actors go.
The artists in their nonchalance are strolling down the street,
The realtors in Cadillacs are going home to eat.
San Carlos Highway (Missionward) is filled with honking cars.
"The Cymbal's dead! The Cymbal's dead! We're here to tell the stars!"

And I cannot help but wonder what started me thinking of that fragment this week, a whole fourteen months after it was published! Certainly it has nothing to do with the Serra pilgrimage.

—HILDA

ST. LOUIS EDUCATOR WILL TALK TO WOMEN'S PEACE LEAGUE

Dr. Roland G. Usher of Washington University, St. Louis, will be the speaker at the regular monthly meeting of the Carmel branch of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom on Sunday evening, September 4, at 8 o'clock in Unity Hall. His subject will be "Why the United States Will Not Join the League of Nations". The public is invited.

SUNSET SCHOOL DANCES TO BE RESUMED THIS FALL

The Sunset School dances that were so enjoyable and proved a success last Spring are to be resumed this Fall, the first dance taking place in Saturday evening, September 3. This year the music will be in the capable hands of Frederick Preston Search, instructor of music at the Monterey Union High schol.

Ride through Hatton Fields and note how quickly gardens grow there. No better soil can be found in or about Carmel than on the Mission Mesa, a new subdivision of Hatton Fields which is just going on the market. Wooded plots are available in Hatton Fields. In the open spaces of the Mission Mesa shrubs and trees will grow rapidly, and can be so arranged that they will never interfere with the marvelous view that is the crowning joy of this locality. The ideal home site you have been longing for is on the Mission Mesa or in Hatton Fields. Telephone the Carmel Land Company and a salesman will be sent to help you find it.

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Al. Smith

(Continued from Page Eleven)

gelist, a missionary, and a local Billy Sunday. He says, as he leans over his plow: "No, a foreign-born citizen cannot be President of the United States. This Smith is a Catholic and a foreigner. Nobody will force him on me as long as I can shoulder a gun."

I know perfectly well that the man whom I admire so very much was born in New York City of parents of American birth. The backwoodsman of the South, he whose ancestors helped at Yorktown to make a nation, replies to this that I am a quibbler, that I may be technically correct, but that from the broader standpoint of eternal truth I am mistaken. He argues that the founders of the Republic did not refer to geographical accidents when they spoke of native-born citizens alone being eligible to the Presidency. He insists that his forbears did not intend that the circumstance that Spanish parents might have happened to be in New York on their way to Havana when their baby was born and have continued their journey as soon as mother and infant were able to travel would permit this boy to immigrate to Key West twenty-five years later, found a political machine among Cuban tobacco-rollers, and then work his way to the chair of Washington. He holds that "East Side, West Side, all around the town" is not American within the meaning of the spirit of the law. His point of view is that his great-grandfathers and his paternal and maternal great granduncles wanted no one to be President who had not been born in America an in an environment which breathed the spirit of Protestant righteousness. His aspect of the matter is that his progenitors made it a condition precedent to eligibility to the highest office in the world that the man so honored must have been sung to sleep as an infant by lullabies attuned to sacred music, that he have learned from his mother's lips Mother Goose rhymes, and that the Bible have been instilled in him from the cradle. Such an atmosphere, and not a physiological fact, were the conditions that he considers were contemplated by the framers of our organic law.

And, going further, he sees in the religious upbringing of Governor Smith something foreign to the genius of our institutions. I do not refer to doctrinal matters. I have in view the fact that my Mississippi or North Carolina rural voter looks upon all Catholic priests as being foreigners who either cannot speak English or who have an Irish brogue. It is true that there are today many native-born American Catholics who have taken holy orders, but they are still, with rare exceptions, first-generation men. The Southern Protestant, who has in many cases passed his entire life in a neighborhod where no Catholic resides, therefore refuses to admit that a man born and reared under the Smith conditions can be considered as having had that 100 per cent American upbringing necessary to make him Constitutionally eligible to the Chief Magistracy of the United States.

I have already spoken of the all-pervading religious enthusiasm of the original American stock. I have sought to show that it is inspired by the zeal of the missionary. I have endeavored to point out that it extends to subjects which most foreign legislatures reserve to individual discretion. It was not until a relatively recent date that this spirit was applied by the South to prohibition. The old Confederate States finally entered the dry column because they found themslves face to face with conditions calling for a drastic remedy. The Negroes were getting out of hand. White women were assaulted by whisky-soaked blacks. Lynch law was an unsatisfactory and inefficient remedy. John Barleycorn had to go. And to put him out and keep him out the inherent proselytism of the race came into play. Prohibition is therefore to the Southern white family, living alone in a sea of Negroes, legislation prescribed on high for the safety of the household. When, therefore, wet advocates play "Hail to the Chief" in honor of Governor Smith, they are again affronting the religious susceptibilities of the Solid South. It is extremely unfortunate that such a clean liver as is Alfred E. Smith should thus have his cause linked to an issue which, under present conditions, it is believed by many God-fearing men to strike at the safety of Southern homes. This inability to catch the other man's point of view is what makes the present situation appear to ominous to me. The wetness of Governor Smith is not construed by men and women who consider their firesides menaced as being the result of an honest difference of opinion affecting an economic problem. It is looked upon by them as wrong-headedness due to bad environment in early youth and to an inability to think correctly about a moral question.

And this Tammany Hall thrust cuts deeper than New York seems to recognize. I have a weak spot somewhere for the Tiger. I look upon the Wigwam of today as honestly endeavoring to give Manhattan the best government that the people will accept. But such is not the opinion held on the banks of the Yazoo or at Rome, Georgia. There the Fourteenth Street headquarters typify Wall Street manipulation, municipal graft, and police corruption.

And it should not be forgotten that the South has at no time ever accepted a Tammany favorite as its leader. It may have recognized him as a temporary standard bearer, but never, since Reconstruction, has it followed a man who has been jammed down the throats of the district leaders. It first gave its loyalty to Tilden, who had fought Tweed. Then it loved Cleveland "for the enemies he had made". Later it followed Bryan, who was anti-Tammany. It afterwards took to Woodrow Wilson, whom Charley Murphy bitterly opposed at the Baltimore convention and whose support in the elections of 1916 was carefully inquired into by the

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President's confidential advisers. Since that date its heart has remained unpledged. But, as its outlook on life is temperamentally different from that of New York, it is extremely difficult for it to accept a suitor who comes to it from that quarter, particularly at a time like this, when the Dayton, Tennessee, monkey law trial has made Modernism so distasteful to the Fundamentalists of the entire country.

New York is the center whence gibes are launched at those who fervently believe that the world was created B.C. 4004. The satirists of the metropolis have been brutal in their treatment of those millions of strict constructionists who are prepared to die for their convictions. The caustic pens that deride those who are satisfied that the whale swallowed Jonah have been as intolerant in their way as are the Fundamentalists in theirs. The result of all this has been that the New York Protestant support given Governor Smith is construed by hundreds of thousands of voters as implying the existence of an unholy alliance between so-called Bible-less Catholics and Bible-baiting Protestants. This is interpreted by orthodox believers as a challenge which the faith of their fathers compels them to accept.

The upshot is that at least three distinct fires are centered upon an untiring public servant not one of which has anything to do with religion. But before the fight is over his faith will be brought into the thick of the fray. It is already within the range of sharpshooters. Religious controversies are like Kentucky mountain feuds. Any fool can start them, but the wisest of men cannot stop them. I visualize, surrounded by these somber hospital walls, a deadly combat fought around issues which have nothing to do with my Church but the brunt of which will fall upon her. I can see two schoolboy bullies saying to one another: "Let's fight and make Johnny stand the blows". It is cowardly for children to so comport themselves. It would be regrettable that ignorance of the facts should permit Governor Smith unwillingly to bring about such a result. Yet it is obvious, to my mind, that present conditions are such that Catholicism will be drawn into a controversy where it will not have a fair opportunity of presenting its case.

Politicians, and I am not referring to Alfred E. Smith, are seeking to capitalize a driving force which has nothing to do with things spiritual. They argue that this man, if nominated, can swing enough voting to carry the great pivotal States of the North and that the South will support him because he is the Democratic candidate. I concede, for the sake of argument, this proposition. As a Catholic, I reply that it will do my Church incalculable harm to have a Catholic thus forced upon Protestants. The institution which was created when the Saviour said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church; and behold I am with thee all days even until the consummation of the world," is not going to disappear tomorrow. Hurry is unknown to its vocabulary. Having eternity before it, patience is its watchword. It cannot expect permanently to implant itself in the souls of pucka American until love opens the portals. It is the harbinger of peace. It is the daughter of good will and the mother of charity. It is as necessary to the America of the future as present-day Protestant ill will is distressing to loyal Catholic men and women.

We have within our ranks 100 per cent Americans whose ancestors were Washington's soldiers and whose patriotism has stood the acid test. When the time comes for a Catholic to be the National standard-bearer of a great political party, the nominee can then be found whose origin is not associated with the immigrants of yesterday. It is not enough that our Catholic candidate be, like Alfred E. Smith, all wool and a yard wide. He should be one the early associations of whose four grandparents will have been such as to make him American-born within the sense that the Fathers of the Republic had in view. "East Side, West Side, all around the town", has produced and is producing magnificent men and women, but the country at large considers that it is justified in asking them to be a little patient. It required almost one hundred years and a great war, I repeat, to delete the adjective "white" from the Declaration of Independence. Events often move slowly. It may take a few decades more to eliminate the "Protestant clause" from the Constitution. At all events, precipitate action is detrimental to Catholicism, particularly when the outstanding Catholic statesman is objectionable to the stronghold of Democracy for certain causes which have nothing to do with his religion.

I know that the point will be raised that twenty years ago somewhat similar arguments were used to keep Catholics out of the Governorship of great states like New York. My reply is that this may be so, but that approximately 66 per cent of the inhabitants of New York State are foreign-born in the sense that either they or one of their parents was born abroad. Some fifty per cent of the population is either Catholic or Jewish. There therefore are and were different conditions obtaining in New York from those which today exist in the country as a whole and in the Anglo-Saxon South in particular. And besides, the Protestants of New York have, through their daily associations with Catholics, come to learn that the latter have not horns, but are law-abiding citizens who are seeking to do good. In the great Methodist and Baptist areas of the South propinquity does nothing to attenuate the force of pre-conceived opinions based upon atavism and not removed by contact. There is therefore no parallel between what has been accomplished in New York and elsewhere and the problem now presented. After all, normal development brought Catholics to the fore in those communities where Protestants were able to know them and to desire to appeal to them for co-operation. With the march of time the stigma of foreign origin will cease to apply to millions of Catholics who are now but a few years removed from the miseries of Europe. This will come about imperceptibly, spontaneously, and automatically. It is in the interests of Catholics that this eventuality be awaited with patience, forbearance, and good will.

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